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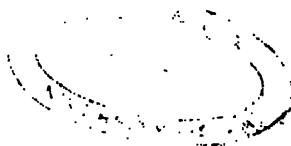
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BATTLE OF NEW MARKET, VA.

MAY 15th, 1864.



AN ADDRESS

REPEATED BY

JOHN S. WISE, Esq.

BEFORE THE

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE,

MAY 13th, 1882.

[Faint, illegible handwritten text or stamp at the bottom of the page]

BATTLE OF NEW MARKET, VA.

MAY 15th, 1864.



AN ADDRESS

REPEATED BY

JOHN S. WISE, Esq.

A Cadet in the Corps of 1864,

BEFORE

The Professors, Officers and Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute,

IN THE

HALL OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY,

MAY 18th, 1882.

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VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE,
May 15th, 1882.

Hon. JOHN S. WISE,
Richmond, Va.:

My Dear Sir : The undersigned, a committee on the part of the Corps of Cadets, are directed to express to you their grateful acknowledgments for the privilege of hearing your historic address on the battle of New Market.

The vivid pictures which you drew of the events in which you were a prominent actor, bearing, as you do, the honorable badge of your own gallantry, filled every heart among us with pride at the noble achievements in battle of the Corps of Cadets of 1864 ; while we all felt that you were again as a comrade among us

We are directed by the unanimous voice of our Corps to request a copy of your address for publication.

We remain, respectfully,

E. E. HARTSOOK,	} Committee.
T. O. SMITH,	
McM. STERRETT,	
A. L. DUNCAN,	
JNO. H. TURNER,	
O. M. RUTLEDGE.	

RICHMOND, Va., May 17th, 1882.

Messrs. E. E. HARTSOOK, T. O. SMITH, MCM. STERRETT, A. L. DUNCAN, JNO. H. TURNER, O. M. RUTLEDGE.	}	<i>Committee.</i>
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Gentlemen : I assure you I feel highly gratified at the letter dated May 15th, which I to-day received from you. You owe me no thanks for the address upon the battle of New Market. I felt that the obligation was all on my side. for your kind consent to listen to the story, and for the privilege of once more mingling with the corps with something of the old-time feeling of a cadet.

I have the honor to command a company of volunteers known as the Richmond Light Infantry Blues. The company was organized May 10th, 1793, and is much beloved for its historic associations by the people of Richmond, and, I may almost say, by the people of Virginia.

Some time since the members of that company requested me to deliver a lecture for its benefit, and I consented, selecting as the subject "The Battle of New Market." General Smith, Superintendent of the Institute, ever on the alert as to everything directly or indirectly bearing upon her interests, saw notice of the lecture and requested me to repeat it before the corps. I consented gladly, feeling that it was a privilege to repeat the story of cadet valor before the successors of those whose gallantry I sought to commemorate. I confess that I was not prepared for the more than hearty applause with which you greeted me, nor did I hope for the handsome compliment you now pay me. I welcomed both, however, without affectation, as does every one the reciprocated feeling of those he loves. The Institute and her interests are very dear to me, and toward every cadet in her walls I feel as to-

ward a younger brother. You are entirely welcome to the address for such use as you may see fit to make of it. If it serves to stimulate the manhood of any boy amongst you ; if it arouses or quickens your pride in your mother college ; if it turns one ambitious boy towards her gates ; aye, even if, falling under the eye of but one of those who dressed on the colors at New Market, it warms the blood which already begins to cool, and flushes the cheek with a little of the fire of that day, I shall feel that the lecture has accomplished all I intended, when I began to finger the harpstrings of boyish memory to amuse the Old Blues.

God bless you each and all.

Yours truly,

JNO. S. WISE.



THE BATTLE OF NEW MARKET.

MR. CHAIRMAN,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

This invitation to address you came to me like the call of a welcome voice to the toiler in the heat of noon-day, bidding him to rest in the cooling shadows by the brookside, and muse awhile upon the freshness and brightness of the sun-rise that greeted the outset of his work.

The *object* is, in any humble way, to aid the Richmond Blues, an organization so old, so time honored, so oft tried, so battle stained, so entwined in our affections by a thousand incidents.

The *subject* is the Antithesis of that object. It is that young band of boys whose single military exploit was brilliant and brave as the archery of the boy-marksman of the Iliad, who stood behind the shield of Ajax Telamon filling his enemies with fear, his comrades with applauding rapture.

I have little difficulty therefore, as you may guess, in finding words to fill the brief space at our disposal. The task may be found to rest upon you this evening, for it is proverbially easier to talk than to listen when camp stories are the theme.

Some one has said, "Self is a theme upon which *all* grow eloquent but *few* attentive." It is very true. If I transgress this law of good sense and etiquette at times, pardon me. If ever such an offense is venial it is when we are talking of "us boys."

I am neither old nor gray. Yet this evening finds me more than twice the age I was when

the Cadet Corps charged the battery at New Market.

The mists begin to gather already about the boyish events of which we will talk to-night.

One must pause from the hurly-burly of to-day. One must be alone an hour to muse. One must sit down by life's roadside and let the dust settle upon the highway before the old land-marks, half way back upon the journey, come out clear and strong.

Ah! They are once more growing plain, stronger and brighter. What an hour ago was dark is now illumined. What was dim stands forth bright and clear, only mellowed slightly by the halo of the distance.

There never was that trembling, hesitating, pause, which marked the aged minstrels overture. But the flood-tide of memory that swept his harp-strings comes rushing back to me to-night.

I reported to the Superintendent of the Vir-

ginia Military Institute, Sept. 2nd, 1862, under the regulation age of sixteen, but admitted as a special favor. Those were stirring times.

The boy who sought military education then did so, not with the vague idea that at some future day it might prove useful, but with the cry of Moloch ringing in his ears, almost in hearing of the thunder of the guns.

Bethel and Manassas had been won on land. The Merrimac had made her matchless fight in Hampton Roads. The first mad rush of war had passed. The idea that it was but the thing of a day was fast fading, even from the minds of the thoughtless. The disaster of Roanoke Island. A winter in Camp. Forts Henry and Donaldson. Shiloh. The bloody battles at Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Cold Harbor and Malvern Hill had tempered the arrogance and subdued the confidence of men, and taught even the panting impatience of boyhood there was little danger the the war would end before it had its chance.

Predictions that peace would come in ninety days had ceased, and too many hearts were already bleeding to make the dread struggle longer the subject of light boast or trivial jest.

The North and the South had ceased to fight with braggadocio ; both were settling down grimly to that acting agony of war, which, God grant you who have never known it may be spared.

The schools of the State, save the Institute, had been closed. Men had been killed in battle upon the Campus of William and Mary. Her lecture rooms were filled with sick and wounded soldiery. Teachers and scholars had marched away. Grass was growing upon the pavements of the University ; and the echoes of solitary footsteps were weird and hollow in the deserted portico of old Washington College.

But never, in her whole history, had the

Institute been so filled with cadets or aglow with life.

Almost entirely depleted at the outbreak of hostilities by the draft from her ranks of a splendid body of young officers, she had been replenished by the "seed corn" of the Confederacy, and there was scarcely an historic name in the South without its youthful representative there preparing himself in the Military art.

The blockade, and the growing scarcity of every article of luxury and adornment, had wrought great changes in the dapper appearance of the corps.

Several years before the war I had seen that wonderful coatee with its forty-four buttons of shining brass, those marvelous cross-belts and patent leather hats, and since peace has come again they have bloomed forth afresh in all their pristine glory.

When I was a cadet these outward adornments were things of memory or of hope.

The corps had already had one taste of actual service upon a march in May, 1862, to the battle of McDowell; and while it had reached the battle-field just too late to take part in the engagement, the effect of the trip had been to about consume the last vestige of good clothing in the command.

No doubt the cadet of to-day would turn up his nose at our simple attire.

He appears with felt chapeau and ten inch cock-plume that never knew how to strut, until it was plucked from a rooster's tail and stuck on the top of a cadet's head.

We had a simple forage cap, blue or gray, as we could procure it.

He has broad cloth covered with shining buttons of brass, filagreed with lace and resplendent with trimmings.

We had coarse sheep's gray jacket and pants, seven buttons, and a black tape stripe.

He disports himself in white cross-belts, shining belt plates and patent leather accoutrements.

We had a plain leather waist belt and cartridge box, with harness buckle.

He handles a breech-loading, bronzed barrelled, cadet, Springfield, rifle, of the latest pattern.

We went into the battle of New Market with muzzle-loading Belgian rifles, as clumsy as pickaxes.

Our uniforms, as the war progressed, almost ceased to be a uniform, for as the difficulty and expense of procuring cloth increased, we were permitted to wear such goods as we received from home, and in time we appeared in every shade from Melton gray to Georgia butternut.

One was not always fortunate in owning a good suit, for wearing apparel was almost com-

mon property. I remember a particularly pretty suit, my father sent me. Fred. Hipkins of Norfolk, now a preacher, was about my size and courting, when it arrived. He wore it so long and so much, it had lost its freshness before I had a chance to put it on, and when I did, his sweetheart saw me, and twitted me for wearing borrowed clothes.

Cadet fare in those days was very simple. It consisted of plain beef or bacon, and generally one vegetable for dinner. Bread and "growley" or molasses for breakfast. The coffee and tea supplied was unusually good, the Superintendent having procured a supply which lasted nearly throughout the war. "Old Spex" proved himself a master Commissary and Quartermaster, throughout the entire war. But variety and profusion was out of the question, and many were the evenings when, after hard drilling, our meal consisted of bread, molasses, water and a supply of milk for six, not suffi-

ent to fill one glass, and therefore gambled for by the mess and drunk by the winner, while the losers partook of nature's beverage.

What we did get was good and healthy, save one ever to be remembered lot of Nassau bacon on which we stuck for weeks, saturated apparently with tar, upon its blockade-running voyage, and an inexhaustible supply of pickled beef so old and tough, that it glittered with prismatic splendor in the light. "Growley," a mystery besides which boarding-house hash is simple as the rule of three, like the famous dish of Dotheboy's Hall, was always very satisfying.

But we were young and strong; we were always hard-worked, and hungry.

We could see that our old commander, true to the idol of his life, did his very best to obtain for us the very best. And a happier, healthier band never paraded, than assembled at the drum tap of the Institute.

The course of studies was faithfully pursued. The full professors were nearly all too old for active service. Gen. Smith, Col. Gilham, Col. Williamson, Col. Preston, after valuable services in organizing forces at the outbreak of the war, had returned. Crutchfield returned once wounded and then went back to die.

Stonewall Jackson, if I remember rightly, never saw his old class-room again, or entered it, until borne on the shoulders of eight weeping boys, his pale face looked up from the casket, on the spot where he had taught, and a voiceless volume came forth from his still lips to his sobbing pupils, filling that room with its eloquent silence, making soldiers and heroes at a single lesson.

The Assistant Professors were most excellent. The Institute was an asylum for many a wounded ex-cadet, banished from his home by invasion, and her doors swung wide apart to receive them.

To-day we would sit under the teaching of the gallant Cutshaw who, shot all to pieces in the front, had come back to die, but concluded to live and teach Mathematics until he could wear his wooden leg back to his battery. Tomorrow gifted Preston, with his empty sleeve, shows us that none of his Latin was left with his lost arm.

Another time "Tige" Hardin, pale and broken, turns up to teach until he can fight again, Marshall McDonald hobbles in to point with his crutch at the problems on the black-board, until he can once more point with his sword towards "the looming bastion fringed with fire"

Did we learn from these men?

Aye ! That did we. They taught with a zest and freshness such as we seldom see. They had our hearts to back them ; their very appearance taught us lessons, every hour, that have been dropped from the curriculum in these tame days of peace.

From daylight until dark we found employment. Reveille, Squad drill, Breakfast, Guard mounting, Study hours, Dinner, Artillery drill, Battalion drill, Dress parade, Supper, Study hours, Tattoo, Taps. This was the daily routine; thirty minutes after each meal was the only leisure of the day. Up at 5 A. M., and in bed at 10 P. M., left little time for play on any day but Saturday.

The effect of this hard discipline and exercise, regularity of life and simplicity of fare, upon the physique I need not describe. Such health, such spirits, such manly strength, I never saw, and I never expect to see again.

A stranger admixture of Aristocracy and Democracy, than was to found there, the world never saw; verily, no man brought anything in to that world. Naked he came, no adventitious circumstance of birth or fortune, whether favorable or unfavorable, counted for or against him with his fellow cadets.

The first old cadet who met him had the right to "buck" him, and did buck him, whether he was the son of Jefferson Davis or of private Jones. Until he had heard the band play "Auld Lang Syne," an event which only occurred upon July 4th, he was the inferior of every man who had enjoyed that honor, and liable to be bucked for expressing an opinion upon any subject, in the presence of an old cadet. He was bound to rise and stand uncovered whenever an old cadet entered his room. He was bound to fag for his roommates when so required, and, generally so long as he remained a "rat" his position was that of subordinate. First-classmen being officers were too dignified to take part in torturing plebes. They moved in an elevated plane so high above the lower grades, that recognition by them beyond a military salute, was regarded as a condescension and a compliment.

For myself I fear I never quite took in the

majesty of a first-classman, and many were the buckings and the twistings by proxy I received for impudence or forgetfulness of their prerogatives.

But every man had certain reserved rights, be he plebe or old cadet. The Unwritten Code was as well known among us as the Mason knows his manual; whoever violated it, from the first Captain to the latest plebe, from the most aristocratic to the humblest, stood on a plane common to all, and was judged upon the merits of the case. Every boy there had it in his power to be the first man in the Corps or sink into insignificance and contempt.

Whoever was wronged had the right to demand and receive satisfaction, and the man who wronged him was bound to give him satisfaction. Whosoever refused to demand or to give satisfaction lost caste immediately

We had no silly code duels. We had the time-honored fist and skull. Tell me of ten

paces and pistols; they are cold blooded, barbarous and unsatisfactory. We were boys. We wanted to kill nobody. We wanted nobody to kill us. What we wanted was to punch heads and noses and eyes, to wrestle, to spar, to fall down, to knock down, to work off the bad passions in good old-fashioned, exhausting, satisfying, rough roll and tumble.

There is more real satisfaction in one protracted fight of this sort than in all the duels ever fought ; and it takes more bull-dog pluck to stand one sound drubbing with a pair of hard knuckles without crying "nuff," than was ever required in all the duels ever fought in Ireland.

Under our code every man was bound to fight ; if the offender was too large or too small to make the contest equal, he was a poor fellow if in that generous community he had no friend of suitable size to fight for him. That alone would have disgraced him.

Alas! How my conscience pricks me now, as I recall the terrible beating the now Reverend Otis Glazebrook, as my proxy, received in just such a scrimmage.

But Reverend friend, wherever you may be, bear me witness, that before he whipped you, the same burly rat had almost knocked out the oaken panels of the gun-room door with my head ; and that when afterwards he matched me, I paid the debt of both of us, with interest, upon the carcass of a fellow who never harmed a hair upon the head of either of us.

This thorough understanding of perfect Democratic equality made every boy selfreliant, conscious of his responsibility and his opportunity, and careful of his own rights and the rights of others. It destroyed all caste feeling. And the generous systems of vicarious atonement interlaced friendships and alliances that became lifelong. Fighting it out banished revenge and malice, and, with few exceptions, that corps was

more like a band of brothers than a collection of utter strangers, differing, it may be, upon minor things, but all swelling with the pride and consciousness of a common interest.

The "esprit du corps" was simply superb. When the command marched forth for any purpose it moved as one man ; the drill was perfect, obedience instant and implicit.

As the war wore on, the stirring events, following each other so rapidly and so near at hand, bred a spirit of restlessness and discontent in every high-strung boy amongst us.

After each battle, groups of cadets would assemble at the sally port or on the parade, eagerly discussing every incident. The mails would be crowded with letters to parents and guardians, begging permission to depart for the war. Good boys became bad boys to secure dismissal, and regular hegira would occur.

Then would come old cadets from the wars, sick and wounded, full of strange fascination

for the worshipping boys crowding about them to drink in the last syllable of the enchanting story.

Many a night have I paced the sentry beat thinking, hoping, wondering. Thinking now of the last gay party that had scrambled to the top of the departing stage, commissioned for active service. Now, envying the careless gayety of veterans assembled in the officer's quarters, as, from time to time, loud laughter burst through the window of some tower room, hoping, as it seemed, against hope, for the day when, like these, I might be a soldier indeed.

Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and a hundred lesser battles were taking place around us.

The combat deepens. To-day we bury poor Paxton; to-morrow brave Davidson is borne home to us upon his shield. And now, Oh !

wretched fate, once more the funeral bells are tolling.

Open wide the vaults of Athol,
Where the bones of heroes rest;
Open wide the hallowed portals
To receive another guest.

* * * *

Oh ! Thou lion-hearted warrior,
Reck not of the after-time;
Honor may be deemed dishonor,
Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true;
Hands that never failed their country;
Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep ! And till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead, from earth and sea,
Virginia shall not boast a braver
Chieftain, than she lost in thee.

Stonewall Jackson, in the zenith of his fame and usefulness, was struck down at Chancellorsville. His coffin, loaded down with the flowers of that beautiful spring, bedewed with the tears of a nation, was brought back by his comrades to the spot that he loved best upon earth.

Who shall tell with what yearnings our eyes followed those brave officers, as they hurried back to battle from his new-made grave.

They left us there, as if we had been babes.

The fight went bravely on. Stuart and Hampton, Morgan and Wheeler, Deering and Rosser, were riding gloriously in the cavalry.

Willie Pegram and Tom Carter, Breathed and Cutshaw, Lindsay, Walker and McLaughlin, were waking the echoes with their artillery.

A. P. Hill and Rhodes, Mahone and Gordon, Patton and Lane, of the infantry, were almost daily plucking stars.

Like the chafed spirit of Marmion, at Tantallon, the hearts of the cadets were beating furiously against the bars of their confinement.

The fierce struggle grew more intense ; the power of the North had at last been fully aroused, her teeming millions were pouring down upon the South, to crush it. Looking

back at the immense disparity between the sections in numbers and resources, the wonder is that the Confederacy withstood so long the immense superiority of the Federal power. The truth is that each section at the outset underrated the other. The South was over-confident in its wealth, the North in its numbers. It is true also that for the first two years while, as was natural with men whose country was invaded, our best and bravest had gone forth to resist invasion. The North, on the other hand, conducting an offensive war, her troops were to a great extent mercenaries, and her best elements only represented by her officers.

Gettysburgh is often referred to as the turning point in the struggle. Nothing could be more true than that idea.

It was not only the turning point, in that it baffled and defeated and disheartened Lee's army, theretofore almost invincible, but in that it, for the first time, by invasion, aroused the

North to the dangers, the horrors, the possibilities of invasion, and the necessity of efforts, more stupendous than any theretofore put forth to crush the South, and prevent a recurrence of our Pennsylvania campaign. Following that narrow escape, came an uprising of the North which, in enthusiasm and in unity, threw all precedent efforts in the shade.

To such an extent were her armies recruited, that the Federal commanders were enabled, from their surplus troops, to inaugurate a system of raids and incursions by bodies operating independently from the grand armies. And, while our brave men were locked and grappled with the overwhelming forces of Grant and Sherman, the raiding parties of Stoneman, of Wilson, of Kautz, of Averill, of Hunter, of Burbridge and of Sheridan rode rampant in their rear with torch and sword, almost unopposed.

This policy was inaugurated late in the sum-

mer of 1863. Averill appearing in the neighborhood of Covington, gave the cadet corps then in camp a long and fruitless march to meet him. This little taste of actual service had kindled in the breasts of the cadets hopes, and suggested possibilities, that were not doomed to disappointment.

The lateness of the season, and the reorganizations following Gettysburg, delayed the execution of this raiding policy to any great extent in 1863; but that year closed gloomily enough upon the old, the thoughtful, and the wise, of the Confederacy. The soldier no longer returned from the front exuberant with tales of camp life and of victory. He came back worn and ragged, and, if not actually dispirited, at least sobered and reflective. The once dreaded period of winter encampment was not half so irksome as formerly. If it brought cold and idleness, it also brought surcease of marching and fighting. If it brought ice and snow and rain,

it also stopped fire and bloodshed and tears. The joyous prospect of spring was not half so tempting when with thoughts of the blue-bell and the blackbird were mingled the fears of bloody battle.

But in one spot of the Confederacy, at least, the martial spirit still burned high and the hope of battle flamed fresh as on the morning of Manassas.

One little nest of fledglings yet remained, who, all untried in the fiery furnace, too young to reason, too buoyant to doubt, were longing for renewed hostilities, and still cried "Havoc—and let slip the dogs of war." Thus opened the spring of 1864.

It is the 10th of May, that day of all the year which we, of the Blues, delight in as our Anniversary.

The cadet corps is in the very pink of drill and discipline, and musters 300 strong.

The plebes of last fall have passed through

the whole course of squad and company drill, and the battalion is now proficient in the most intricate manœuvre.

The broad parade ground lies spread out like a green carpet. The far off ranges of the Blue Ridge draw nearer in the clear light of spring.

The old guard tree, once more luxuriantly green, shelters its watching groups of blushing girls and prattling children.

The battalion wheels, charges and counter-marches in mimicry of war, until at last, as the sinking sun bathes the whole scene in mellow splendor, we are formed in line for dress parade. The band plays up and down the line. The last rays of sunset fade upon the peaks of the House Mountain. The evening gun booms forth upon the air. The colors drop lazily from their peak.

A solemn tranquil stillness rests upon the scene. Never in all her history seemed

Lexington and her surroundings more gently beautiful, more calmly peaceful.

It is midnight. Save in the guard-room, at the sally-port, every light has disappeared. The cadets are sleeping.

Ha! What's that? Am I awake?

The barracks reverberate with the throbbing drums, and the rattling echoes are thrown back and forth from the walls of the Arsenal. It is the long roll!

Lights are up. The stoops resound once more to the rush of many footsteps hurrying to their places in ranks. The companies are formed. The Adjutant, by the light of a lantern, reads the orders to the command amid breathless silence.

The enemy is in the valley. Breckenridge needs help. We are to march at break of day to Staunton, with three days rations and a section of artillery.

Not a sound is uttered. Not a man moves from the military posture of parade rest.

But oh! the beating hearts. Oh! the kindling eyes. Oh! the wild rush of pride and hope and joy that overwhelmed us as we felt that our hour had come at last.

“Parade’s dismissed” pipes the Adjutant.

Methinks I see once more the hurrying footsteps of the officers as they move to the front and center and discuss the news. Methinks I hear again the game-cock voices of the orderlies marching their men to quarters. My heart is once more throbbing with the wild hallo that rent the air, as company after company broke ranks. Again I see in fancy the excited rush of that gay throng, forgetful that it was yet six hours ere we marched, hurrying back and forth preparing for the start, eager as greyhounds on the leash.

Day-break found us on the Staunton pike, after a sleepless night and breakfast by candle

light. We had jeered the little boys who were left behind. We had geyed our good old wash women as we passed their homes. We had tramped heavily upon the bridge that spans the river, until it rocked and swayed beneath our trod. We had cheered the fading turrets of the Institute, and now fairly launched upon our journey, were plodding on right merrily, our gallant little battery rumbling behind.

At mid-day upon the 12th, we marched into Staunton, not quite as fresh as when we started, but game and saucy, to the tune of "The girl I left behind me."

Not many of those fair damsels, I ween, occupied our truant thoughts just then. Of all places on earth Staunton seemed to have the most girls, and we were too busy scanning their fair forms and faces to think much of the girls we left behind us.

Your modern cadet in Staunton, contemplating a visit to the fair sex, doubtless repairs to

the hotel and there makes an elaborate toilet. Your humble servant and a friend that way inclined, that day prepared for the pleasure much more simply.

Being muddy to the knees, we waded in a creek until our shoes and pants were washed, and then, picking our way daintily upon rocks until we reached the pavements, paused in a fence corner to adjust our locks by the aid of a pocket comb and glass, and hurried forward to society with perfect confidence of conquest.

Were the cadets favorites with the fair Stauntonians, did I hear you say?

Pardon me. I blush. I see the rugged, whiskered veterans we met at Staunton now, frowning vexedly at the coolness of cadet confidence. Once more I catch their muttered contempt for boys. Once more the taunting chorus "Rock-a-bye baby," sung by a veteran regiment as we pass, fills my soul with wrath.

But there is little time now for gaiety. The

town is filled with Breckenridge's army, hurried up from the southwest to meet the invader. Now and then a bespattered trooper comes wearily up from Harrisonburg or Woodstock with despatches, and tells us that Seigel, with an army thrice our size is pressing forward, confronted only by a thin line of Imboden's skirmishers.

Ever and anon the serious shake their heads and predict hot work in store for us. Even in the hour of levity the shadow of impending bloodshed hangs over all but the cadet. The new world that has burst upon him; the strange, bustling, outside world, so in contrast with the quaint secluded precincts of Lexington; the bright hopes of the morrow; the joyful thought of real soldier-life, banish fear and doubt. He drinks of this bright sparkling stream like the weary traveler at the desert spring.



At evening parade the following orders were published to the troops:

HEADQUARTERS VALLEY DEP'T,
 GENERAL ORDERS } STAUNTON VA.
 No. 1 } *May 12th, 1864.*

1 The command will move to-morrow morning promptly at six o'clock, on turnpike leading to Harrisonburg.

The following order of march will be observed:

Wharton's Brigade.

Echol's Brigade.

Cadet Corps.

Reserve Forces.

Ambulance and Medical Wagons.

Artillery.

Trains.

2 The Artillery will for the present be united

and form a battalion under command of Major McLaughlin, &c., &c., &c.

By Command of Maj. Gen. BRECKENRIDGE.

J. STODARD JOHNSTON,

A. A. G.

Morning found us promptly on the march. A few lame ducks had already succumbed and been left behind, but the great body of the corps stepped proudly and firmly forward, although clouds and rain had overtaken us.

Our first day's march brought us to Harrisburg. Our second. to Lacy's Springs, within ten miles of New Market. As the second day advanced the evidences of the approaching enemy thickened at every step. At short intervals along the valley pike, the great highway of the valley, carriages and carts and wagons blocked the way, laden with household goods and people fleeing from the hostile advance. Now and then we passed a haggard trooper of

Imboden, who, dispirited by long skirmishing against overwhelming force, gave gloomy enough reports of the power and the numbers of the enemy.

Towards evening, in a little grove by a church, we came upon a batch of Federal prisoners, the first that many of us had ever seen. An odd lot of forbidding-looking Germans, who eyed us with stolid curiosity as we passed.

Laughter and jesting had somewhat subsided, my friends, when we went into camp that night, and saw our picket fires twinkling in the gloaming on the hill-sides, but a few miles down the valley.

It seemed as if the dreams of our lives were soon to be realized when we learned beyond doubt that Franz Seigel and his German hosts were sleeping within ten miles of the spot whereon we lay.

The sun burst up for a moment upon our little

camp e'er he sunk in the west that evening, but with the gathering darkness came the rain again in fitful showers.

But rain and sunshine make little difference to the soldier. For a little while the woodland resounded with the axe-stroke, or the cheery halloo of the men from camp-fire to camp-fire. For a little while the fire lights danced and the smoke of cooking food filled the air with savory odors. For a little while the men gathered around the cheering warmth to dry themselves and talk. But soon silence and stillness reigned supreme, broken only now and then by the fall of another shower, or the champing of the colonel's horse upon his corn.

I was corporal of the guard. A single sentinel paced about the camp, while the guard and the drummers stretched themselves by the guard-fire in deep, refreshing sleep.

It was an hour past midnight when I caught the sound of horse's hoofs upon the pike, advanc-

ing at a trot. As they drew nearer they ceased, and a moment later the sentry call took me to the spot. I found an officer bearing orders from the commanding genera .

We aroused Colonel Ship, who, rubbing his eyes and reading by the firelight, muttered as he read, "Move forward at once," and ordered me to rouse the camp.

Never will I forget the impression made upon me by that long roll as it broke the solemn stillness and aroused the sleepers. The rain had wet the drum-heads, and the sound came forth muffled and suppressed, as when we buried Jackson.

Once again life and bustle fills the camp; once again the roll-calls are rattled off; once again the short, crisp commands go forth and the assembled battalion debouches upon the pike, heading, in the darkness and the mud, for New Market.

But something more impressive than the

muffled drum-beat marked that hour. Something that waked the most thoughtless of our band to the solemnity, the gravity, the danger of our situation. Something that, even now, may be a balm and solace to those whose boys died so gloriously that day. In the gloom of that night, beneath the canopy of the clouds, with no stranger to mar or to mock its earnestness, Captain Frank Preston, neither afraid nor ashamed to pray, sent up a prayer for God's protection to our little band.

It was not a long prayer, nor an elaborate prayer, but an humble, earnest appeal from a Christian, a gentleman, a soldier, that sunk into the heart of every man who heard it, and I doubt if it will ever be forgotten even by the scoffer or the infidel. Few were the dry eyes, little the frivolity in that command, when he had ceased to speak of home, of father, of mother, of country, of victory and defeat, of life, of death, of eternity.

Those who heard him a few hours later commanding "B" company in the thickest of the fight, his already empty sleeve showing that he was no stranger to the perilous edge of battle, realized how the same voice can plead most tenderly and reverently and yet pipe higher than the blast of war, realized the beauty and the truth of that splendid sentiment:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

Day broke upon us plodding onward through the mud.

The decidedly sober cast of our reflections was relieved by the light-heartedness of the veterans when we overtook them. Wharton's Brigade, with "Old Gabe" smiling at their head, cheered us as we came up to the spot where they were cooking breakfast by the roadside. Many were the good-natured jibes with which they restored our confidence. The old soldiers, full of the spirit of Lucretia Borgia's

drinking song, were as merry, and indifferent to the coming fight, as if it was a daily occupation. They asked us if we did not think it very funny? They seemed delighted to think what beautiful corpses we would make. They inquired of us affectionately whether we wanted rosewood coffins, satin lined, with name and age on the plate? In a word they made us ashamed of the solemnity of our last six miles of marching, and renewed and infused the true dare-devil spirit of soldiery within our breasts.

Onward, once more, presses the column. The mile-posts on the pike score four, three, two and one mile to New Market.

Now the mounted skirmishers crowd past us, hurrying to their position at the head of the column. Now the cheering begins in our rear, and is caught up by the troops along the line of march. Now Breckenridge and his staff are coming, and we take up the cry, as that splen-

did man, mounted magnificently, sweeps past us, uncovered, bowing and riding like the Cid.

Along the crest of yonder hill, running transversely to the pike, behold our mounted pickets and the smouldering fires of the last night's bivouac.

We are halted! One turn in the road will bring us in sight of the enemy's position.

Echols and Wharton with their brigades move past us. There is not so much of banter anywhere as we have heard.

Forward is the word once more, and New Market is in sight.

The turn in the road which brought the village in sight also displayed the valley for several miles.

Let me pause a moment to describe it.

At this point a bold range of hills running parallel with the mountains divides the great valley into two smaller valleys, and in the easternmost of these lies New Market.

Through its center runs the valley turnpike, parallel with the Massanutten range and Smith's creek coursing along its base upon our right, and the range of hills upon our left, which latter terminates at and slopes gently down to the town.

On the right of the pike and running over to the creek a beautiful stretch of meadow land spreads out down to and beyond the town.

Orchards skirt the village in these meadows, between our position and the town, and in these the enemy's skirmishers are posted.

To our left the land rises gently from the pike until it reaches the wooded heights of the parallel ridge; but a little in our front the decline, from all directions, is toward the town.

The enemy is posted to receive our left flank, just beyond a lane running westwardly from the village, at right angles to the pike.

Behind his position the ground rises gradually in several successive terraces, until, a

short distance below the town, to the left, it spreads out in an elevated plateau. The hill-sides between this plateau and the pike are broken by several gullies heavily wooded with scrub-cedars.

It is Sunday morning, and eleven o'clock; the hour at which, in these days of peace, the clanging bell peals forth its summons to devotions.

In a picturesque little church-yard, right under the shadow of the village spire, and among the white tombstones, a six-gun battery is posted in rear of the infantry line of the enemy, and the moment we debouched it opened upon us briskly.

Oh! it is a grand sight. Just such a sight of battle as boys dream of—such as are shown in battle paintings.

Away off to the right, in the gap in the Massanutten through which the Luray pike passes, our signal corps is telegraphing the po-

sition and numbers of the enemy. Our cavalry is moving in full gallop to the cover of the creek, to flank the town.

Geo. Patton, an Institute graduate, commanding a brigade, is moving from the pike at double quick by the right flank, and goes into line of battle across the meadow, his left resting on the pike. Simultaneously with this movement, his skirmishers are thrown forward and engage the enemy.

Out of the orchards rise puff after puff of blue smoke, and out upon the meadows, as our brave sharpshooters advance on the run, the pop-pop—pop-pop-pop of their rifles ring forth excitingly.

Then comes McLaughlin, thundering down the pike with his artillery, and, wheeling out into the meadows, he swings grandly into battery, action left, and lets fly with all his guns.

The Cadet section, pressing a little further down the pike, wheels to the left, toils up the

slope, and replies with a plunging fire to the battery in the grave-yard.

In my mind's eye, after eighteen years have stretched between that moment and this, I see as distinctly now as then, the beautiful round wreath of smoke that shot upward and hovered over the cadet battery at its first discharge.

The little town, which a moment before had seemed to sleep so peacefully, so beautifully upon that Sabbath morn, was now *wreathed in battle smoke, and swarming with troops hurrying to their positions.*

Every shell we threw struck some obstruction, and exploded in the streets.

Every man in our army was in sight; every position of the enemy was plainly visible. His numbers, unfortunately, were but too well known to us, for the reports still came that the pike was filled with his infantry.

Our left wing, under Wharton, consisted of the Cadets; the 62d Virginia Infantry, Col.

Smith; the 30th Virginia Battalion, Col. Clark; the 51st Virginia Infantry, Col. Fostburg, and Edgar's Battalion. Our right, under Patton, was composed of the 22d Virginia Infantry and Derrick's Battalion.

I was still corporal of the guard, accompanying the baggage-wagon with a detail of three men—Redwood, Stanard, and Woodlief. We had not been relieved.

Our orders were to remain with the wagon at the bend in the pike, unless our forces were driven back, in which case we were to retire to a point of safety.

When it became evident that we were about to go into action, a single thought took possession of me, and that was, that I would never be able to look my father in the face again, if I sat on a baggage-wagon while my command was in battle.

Napoleon in Egypt pointed to the Pyramids, and told his soldiers that from their

heights forty centuries looked down upon them.

My oration, delivered from the baggage-wagon, was not so elevated in tone, but equally emphatic, and about after this fashion:

“Gentlemen, the enemy is in our front; we are about to engage him. I like fighting no better than anybody else, but I have an enemy in my rear as dreadful as any before us. In the front we may or may not be hurt, but if I go home and tell my father that I never went into this action, there is no doubt as to my fate. *I know he will kill me*, with worse than bullets—ridicule. I shall go at once. Any one who chooses to remain may do so.”

All the guard followed me, and the wagon was left in the sole custody of a black driver. Of the four who thus went, one was killed and two wounded.

We rejoined the battalion just as it filed out of the pike.

Moved at a double-quick by the left flank, we were in an instant in line of battle, our right near the pike.

A swell in the ground in our front concealed us from the enemy.

The command was given to strip for action. Down went knapsacks, blankets, everything but guns and cartridge-boxes.

The shells scream hideously, as tipping the hill crests in our front they bound over our heads, beyond us.

Our boys are silent now—every lip is tightly drawn, every cheek is pale, but not with fear, as we pull our cartridge-boxes to the front and tighten belts.

We glance across the pike, and see that Patton's Brigade is lying down. "Battalion forward! Guide center!" shouts out Ship, and off we start.

From the left of the line springs Woodbridge, Sergeant-Major, and actually posts himself forty

paces in front of the colors to give direction to the guide. Brave Evans, standing over six feet two, unfurls the banner that for days has hung limp and bedraggled about its staff, and every cadet in the institute leaps forward, dressing to the streaming ensign, elate and thrilling with the consciousness that—*this is War!*

Now we reach the hill crest in our front. We are abreast our smoking battery and in full sight and range of the enemy, pressing forward at “arms—port.”

He has gotten the range, and is planting his shell right under our noses along the slope.

Patton's men rise up and are charging on our right with the world-wide rebel yell.

I verily believe Woodbridge would have held his position as directing sergeant until riddled with a hundred balls, had he not been ordered to fall back into line.

Down the slope we are pressing, answering

the wild cry of our comrades as their musketry rattles out its opening volleys.

A moment more will bring the pelting rain of small arms about our ears from the blue line beyond the lane before us.

But, oh Lord! Thunder, lightning, fire, earth-rocks. The sky whirls round. I stumble. My gun pitches forward. I'm on my knees. Sergeant Cabell looks at me sternly, pityingly, and passes on. I know no more. * * * *

It is raining in torrents. The ground about me is torn and ploughed up in several places.

Shells are still screeching and skipping about and above us.

Poor little Captain Hill of "C" company. There he lies, bathed in blood, with a fearful gash over his temple, gasping like a dying fish. Read, Merritt, and another are badly shot.

Can that be the battalion three hundred yards away, firing like madmen?

Ah, ha! It is, indeed. They are across the

lane the enemy occupied, and have driven the battery out of the graveyard to the heights beyond. How did they get there? What am I doing here? I am bleeding!

My head is ploughed with a deep and ugly gash. That villainous shell which exploded in our faces brought five of us to the ground.

Hurrah! Youth's dream is realized at last. I've got a wound and am not dead yet! I am up on my feet once more and bound for the hospital, almost whistling at the thought of what famous news the next mail will bear to the old folks at home.

Now, my friends, I intended to return to ranks, but I did not. No matter why. The head hurt a good deal more than I thought it would. I mention this because I intend to brag about what the Cadet corps did at New Market; and before I begin, I want you to know that I am not bragging about myself.

The fighting around the town was fierce and

bloody on our left wing. Patton's movements on the right were rapid and effective. He had pressed the enemy back into the village, and our line had taken the shape of an obtuse angle with its apex just below New Market on the pike. The right wing had done more than ours to cause the battery to change position, to the slope above to the left, and just beyond the town.

The Federal infantry had only fallen back to its second line. Our troops had now to ascend a slope. New forces of the enemy were awaiting them.

Pausing, under the cover of the deep lane, to catch breath and correct the alignment, our troops once more started forward, clambered up the bank and over the stone fence, delivering at once and receiving a withering fire.

Just below the town the pike again curves, and behind this curve the reserve of the enemy is massed—in what numbers we cannot yet

see. Our right wing is pressing through the village, and, in confusion, into the pike. The enemy sees it, and is massing cavalry at the bend for a charge.

McLaughlin has moved up his guns, unlimbered in the streets, double-shotted with canister, and runs them down by hand among the infantry.

Look out! Here comes the cavalry squadron front, in full career. Out of the way, infantry! And over the fence they scramble.

Heavens! Was n't that a blizzard from McLaughlin? They reel, they stagger, they fly; the road is filled with tumbled horses and men. Several riderless steeds gallop towards us, neigh, circle, and rejoin their comrades, and that is the end of the cavalry in this fight.

Where is the left flank now?

Up the slope, right up to the second line of infantry, have they gone, and for the second time the Federal infantry is broken. The vet-

eran troops have captured two pieces of cannon and the battery has galloped back to a new position in a farm-yard on the plateau at the head of the cedar-skirted gully.

Our boys have taken over a hundred prisoners. Here comes Charley Faulkner and another, in charge of twenty-three, as proud of their charge as peacocks, and swearing they captured every man of them.

Hot work has been put in, as the enemy has broken. The space between their new line and the present position of our men is dotted with their dead and wounded, shot as they fled across the open field. But the same exposed situation now lies before our men.

They must cross it, subjected to a galling fire from the enemy, who is now strongly posted and well protected.

The distance is not over three hundred yards, across a level, green wheat-field.

Again the troops are ordered to advance. Our

brave fellows have already been put upon their mettle. Exhausted, wet to the skin, and mud-died to their eyebrows with the stiff clay through which they have pulled, some of them actually shoeless after their struggle through the plowed ground. They have not lost one particle of grit or eagerness, for the shouting on our right means victory.

But the foes in our front were far from conquered.

As our men moved forward they stood their ground bravely.

“ Then each at once his falchion drew ;
Each on the ground his scabbard threw ;
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain
As what they ne'er might see again.
Then foot and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.”

As our men uncovered that frightful battery, double-shotted with grape and canister, opened upon the poor boys with a murderous hail. At one discharge, poor Cabell, at whose elbow had marched so long, fell dead, and Crockett

and Jones by his side. A blanket would have covered the three. The musketry pours forth in a steady roll, and McDowell, a mere child, drops, pierced through the heart.

Atwell, Jefferson, Wheelwright roll in the dust. Shriver's sword-arm drops helpless, and "C" Company loses her cadet as well as her professor captain. The men are falling right and left. This is terrific! The fire comes like wind, hail, and rain in the faces of the men. The veteran troops on our right seem to stagger. Colonel Ship falls. Somebody cries out, "Lie down!" and down go the men, firing from the knee—all but Evans, the ensign, who is standing bolt upright, laughing wildly and defiantly. Still rain the canister! Poor Standard's limbs are torn asunder, and he lies there bleeding to death. Some one cries, "Rally on Edgar's Battalion," and Pizzini, orderly of "B," with the glare of a tiger, swears he will shoot the first man who leaves.

Preston, brave and inspiring, laughingly lies down upon his only arm, declaring that he will at least save that. Collona, captain of "D," is speaking cheerily to the boys on the left, and telling them to shoot close.

We are being decimated!

It is madness to pause here!

We must charge or fly. And charge it was: for at that moment, old Henry Wise, our first captain, beloved by every boy in the command, sprung to his feet, shouted a charge that thrilled like electricity, and led the Cadet Corps forward to the guns.

Ah, my God! Ye mothers, ye fathers, ye sisters, ye sweethearts, whose boys were in that bloody fray, could ye but have looked upon them at that moment, what would ye not have felt?

It was one to ten. The guns of the battery were served like lightning; the musketry rat-

tled steadily; our bullets pattered against the frame farm-house.

The stand of the enemy was vain

Now, the Cadets have reached the firm green-sward of the farm-yard. The Federal infantry begin to break and run behind the buildings. The battery is ordered to limber up. It is too late! Our boys have shot down the horses. We are close upon them. The artillerymen fling away their sponges and fly. Lieutenant Hanna, of "D" Company, hammers a big Dutchman over the head with his sabre, and Winder Garrett, of "A," lunges his bayonet through and through another. Our boys are leaping on the guns. We have captured the battery, and Evans, who never yet knew what it was to doubt or fear, is waving wildly the colors of the V. M. I. in triumph from the top of a caisson.

Still a straggling infantry fire is kept up from the gully, now on our right flank, although we

see the blue-coats breaking down the hill. The battalion pauses, re-forms, marks time, half wheels to the right, plunges forward, firing as it advances, and never pauses more until it reaches the pike, the broken masses of the enemy flying towards Mount Jackson, hotly pressed by our infantry and cavalry. The artillery, hurried on to Rude's Hill, throws shell into their confused ranks, until they at last gain safety beyond the burning bridge, across the river at Mount Jackson.

We have won a victory—a complete victory. Not a Crecy or Agincourt; not a Blenheim or Malplacquet; not an Austerlitz or Waterloo; not a Solferino or Magenta; not a Manasses or Appomattox; but, for all that, a right comforting bit of news goes up the pike to-night to General Lee, for from where he lies locked in the death grapple with Grant in the Wilderness, his thoughts turn ever wearily and anxiously towards this flank movement in the valley.



It was the first of the series of auxiliary movements to harrass our main army. Its overwhelming defeat gave infinite relief to our great commander—relief little appreciated then by the thoughtless multitude.

The pursuit down the pike was more like a foot race than a march. Our boys straggled badly, for we realized that the fight was over, and many were too much exhausted to go further.

Towards evening the clouds burst away, the wind came up, the sun came forth, and when night closed in, no sound of battle broke the Sabbath calm save a solitary Napoleon, still pounding away at the smouldering ruins of the bridge across the river at Mount Jackson.

Our picket fires were built at Mount Airy. Our main body bivouacked upon the pike a mile below New Market.

But many returned to inquire for the killed, wounded, and missing.

Of the 225 cadets who went into action, seven were already dead and forty-nine were wounded.

A little while before sundown, having had my head sewed up and bandaged, and having done all I could about the hospital to help the wounded, I sallied forth upon an artillery horse to procure a blanket. We had left our plunder unguarded when we entered the fight. Nobody would consent to remain. The result was that the camp-followers had made away with nearly all our blankets and haversacks.

I rode into the town. It was filled with soldiers, laughing and carousing as light-heartedly as if it was a feast or holiday. A great throng of Federal prisoners were coralled in a side street, under guard. They were nearly all Germans. Some were gay and careless, some gloomy and dejected. A great, burly lager-bier Dutchman, with his head in a bandage, was regaling the crowd with the manner of his capture. I paused and listened: "Dem leetle

tevil, mit der white vlag, vas doo much fur us. Dey shoost smash mine head ven I vos cry 'Zurrender' all ter dime;" and a loud peal of laughter went up from the by-standers, among whom I recognized several cadets.

The jeers and banter of the old soldiers had now ceased. We had become old soldiers too. We mingled with them fraternally, and discussed the battle on terms of perfect equality. Every tongue was tuned to praise the conduct of the cadets. The veteran troops, to whom was due so much of the honor of the victory, seemed to seek no praise for themselves, but to delight in giving all priase to "dem leetle tevil mit der white vlag." The ladies of the town overwhelmed us with tenderness and kindness, while we drank in greedily the praise flowing in from every direction. We were the lions of the day.

Leaving the village, I rode up to the plateau, where most of our men were killed. Leading

my horse across the wheat-field, I came upon the dead bodies of three cadets. One wore the chevrons of an orderly. He was lying upon his breast, stiff and stark, with outstretched arms; his hands had clutched and torn up great tufts of soil and grass. His teeth were locked tightly; his face hard as a flint, with staring eyes. It was hard, indeed, to recognize in this repulsive corpse all that remained of the man who, but a few hours before, was first in his class as a scholar, second as a soldier, and the peer of any boy alive in every trait of physical or moral manhood.

Wm. H. Cabell, of Richmond, 1st sergeant of "D" Company, was, independent of that praise which we are all so apt to freely bestow on the dead, in truth and fact, a man, every inch of him. With an excellent mind and splendid physique, he had as much character as a man of forty. He was not as popular as other men I have known; he was too serious to enjoy light

popularity. But he was feared, admired, and respected. His oft-tried courage, perfect sincerity, and strict justice, gave him a position such as I have never seen held by any one of his age. Take him for all in all, he was the best man in the corps, and worthy in everything of the honored name he bore, to which his gallant death gave new honor.

Crockett and Jones, Wheelwright and Jefferson, I did not know so well; they were new cadets and fourth-classmen, but had made warm friends among their classmates.

Atwell was a simple, amiable, pious boy, beloved and respected by all who knew him.

A little removed from the spot where Cabell fell, and nearer to the enemy's position, lay McDowell.

Ah! that sight would have wrung your hearts. That little boy was lying there asleep, more fit, indeed, for the cradle than the grave. He was scarcely sixteen years of age and hardly

grown. He was from North Carolina I believe. He had torn open his jacket and shirt, and even in death lay clutching them back, exposing a fair breast, tender as 'a nurslings, in which the red wound gaped and from which a crimson current had coursed down. It seemed a message to the dear ones far away, that although his country had drunk his life's blood almost from the cradle, he had poured it from the breast and the heart, as gallantly as the fiercest whiskered hero that ever died in battle front.

I came too late. Stanard had died but a few minutes before I reached the farm house, whither they had borne him. He was still warm, and his expiring words were messages of love.

Poor Jack! Play-mate, room-mate, friend—farewell.

Standing there my mind traveled back to the old scenes at Lexington, when we were hunt-

ing together in the "grassy hills;" to our games and sports; to our last night at the guard fire, when he told me he expected to be killed; to that day one week ago when he knelt at the altar at Lexington and was confirmed.

The warm tears of friendship came welling up from a heart that had learned to love him as a brother. A truer-hearted, braver, better fellow never died than Jacquelin B. Stanard, of Orange.

We brought up the limber-chest, placed our dead upon it, and bore them reverently to a deserted store-house in the town, and the next day we buried them with the honors of war, bowed down with the grief of victory at such a price.

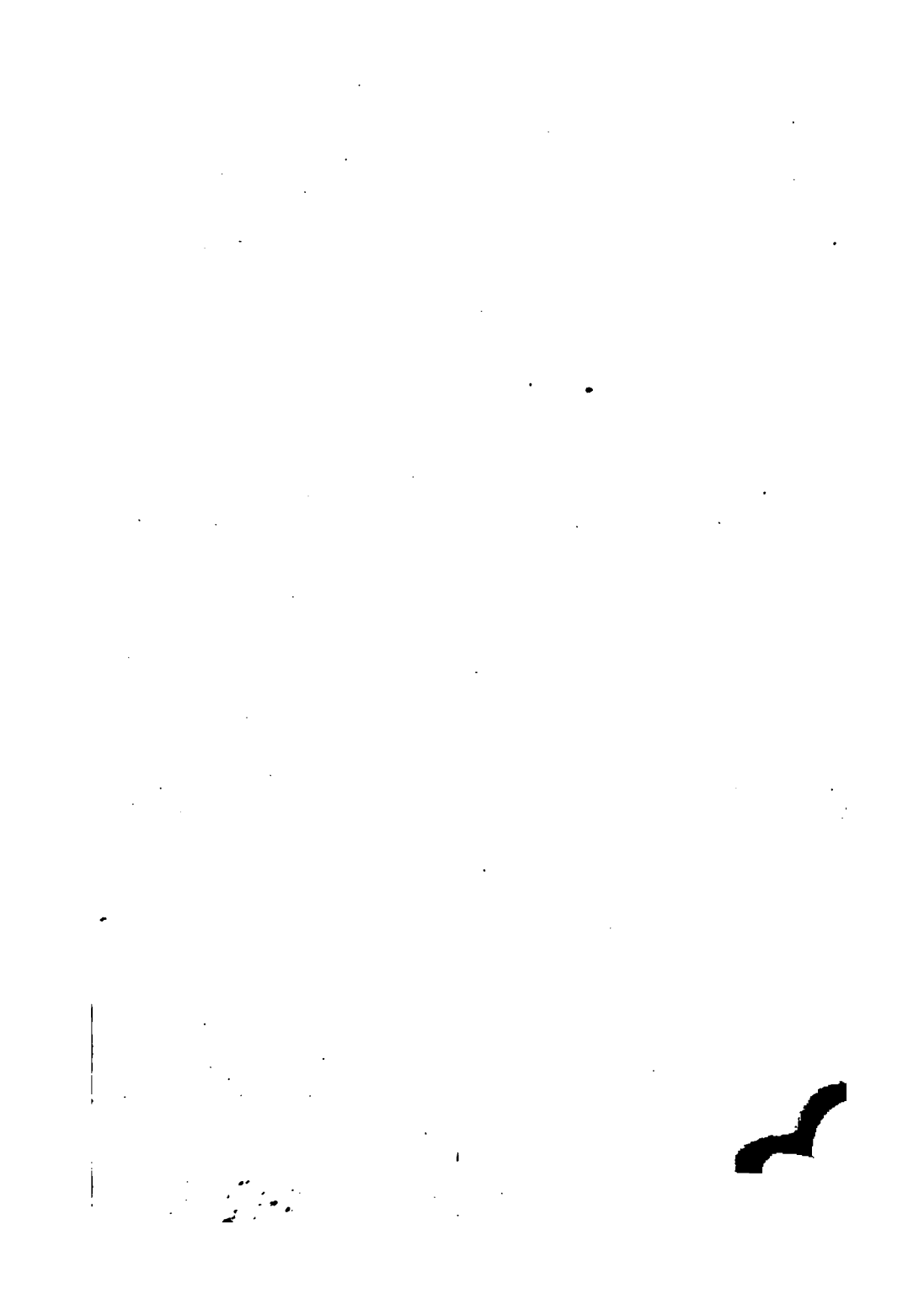
But how quickly shift the scenes of war. We started back, crest-fallen and dejected; our victory was almost forgotten in our distress at the death of our friends and comrades, the ruin, suffering, and death around us, and the poor boys that lay stark in the Cemetery at New

Market. The poor fellows who were still tossing on beds of fever and pain, were almost forgotten by the selfish comrades whose fame had been bought with their blood.

A week after the battle, the Cadet Corps, garlanded, cheered by ten thousand throats, marched grandly past the Washington Monument at Richmond, to receive a stand of colors from the Governor, the band playing lustily—

“ Oh ! there's not a trade that's going,
Worth showing, or knowing,
Like that from glory growing,
For the bowld soldier boy.”

We were still too young in the ghastly sport to swallow up death in victory. But we proved apt scholars. As we moved up the valley, we were not hailed as sorrowing friends, but as heroes and victors. At Harrisonburg, at Staunton, at Charlottesville, at Gordonsville, everywhere, an ovation awaited us, such as has seldom greeted any troops.





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